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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Light and
Darkness of
Yuletide.

It is probable that presents to the value of \$10,000,000 were given away in this country yesterday as merry offerings upon the altars of prosperity, happiness and affection. It is probable that to ten million people in this country Christmas brought nothing but unremitting toil or the misery of hunger, dirt and wretchedness. To these the thought of green wreaths and glittering trees was a sarcasm.

Millions of people—even among those who are prosperous enough to afford to buy modest presents—are called upon to bear a double burden during the holidays.

To the shop girl the holidays come as a nightmare. She works day and night ministering to the happiness of others. She sells the rich cloak to the rich customer. Down in the sweatshops those who make the cloaks find no surcease of toil even on Christmas Day.

The overworked expressman has no time for merriment; the motorman hangs to his grip with no spare hours for turkey; the producers of the world work on with sweaty brows; the soldiers of warring lands fight on, with only an extra cake of chocolate and dreams of home to cheer them; slaves groan in the caravans; queens kneel, wailing for the dead; widows in their weeds sit by their desolated firesides, dreaming of unmarked graves in the veldt or jungle.

But the old world rolls on through storm and sunshine, and from Fiji to Samarcand it was a "Merry Christmas."

The Hand
of the
Giant.

In a few weeks Lord Roberts will have 180,000 men in South Africa for the conquest of 250,000 or 300,000 Boers. At the end of 1779, when England was trying to conquer the 3,000,000 people of the United States, she had 22,538 men in North America. These men had to face not only the American colonists but a French army, supported by a powerful French fleet, which disputed the command of the sea. And they did it so well that the campaign of 1780 was a very doubtful one for our Revolutionary forefathers until the sunlight gleamed on King's Mountain.

With over eight times the forces to oppose that we had to fight in the darkest hour of the Revolution, and no foreign ally, the brave Boers cannot hope to keep up their resistance indefinitely. They must be overwhelmed sooner or later. And even if the 180,000 men under Roberts should not be enough, England would send more. Her resources are practically inexhaustible. She can pursue Grant's policy of wearing away resistance by attrition.

Thus far the British preponderance in resources has not been in evidence. In the beginning of the war the English failed to realize that the superiority of a great power over a small one consisted not merely in the possession of numbers in the census reports, but in their employment at the scene of hostilities. In Samoan warfare it is considered bad form to attack an enemy with a force outnumbering his own. The British apparently adopted the same policy at first, not through courtesy, but through stupidity.

Thousands of lives were lost in South Africa before the Government began to send adequate supplies of troops. The war had been inevitable for some time. The Boers prepared for it and the British did not. The recent disasters were the result of incompetence and lack of preparation, but in the end British numbers, British wealth and British character must win. Let us hope, for the sake of both sides, that the end may come quickly.

Brooklyn's
New
Navy Yard.

Plans are steadily going forward on a direct line with the Journal's policy of a "mighty navy."

The Brooklyn Navy Yard, after the alterations now planned have been completed, will be one of the finest Government yards in the world.

The one mile of water frontage will be increased five-fold, and instead of a capacity of only three battle ships there will be room for at least a dozen.

This will be accomplished by cutting the front into slips. There will be four new dry docks, in addition to the three now in use, which are generally in need of repair.

The value of these alterations and improvements to the defensive capacity of this city cannot be overestimated.

In case of a heavy naval battle off Long Island and a temporary disaster to our ships, adequate facilities for quick repair would be found at the navy yard.

But while these preparations are going forward the Government should not neglect the building of additional battle ships. The sunset of almost every century since the crucifixion of Christ has gone down red in blood.

The sunset of the nineteenth century threatens to be redder and more blood-tinted than any other. But while the country is praying for honorable and lasting peace let the Navy Department have for its motto, "More battle ships and greater navy yards." Upon these the preservation of peace greatly depends.

Duke
and
Boer.

England has tried and condemned the Boers before the court of civilization on the ground that they occupied land which they did not develop, and that when others came in who did develop the land the Boers taxed them and gave them no voice in the expenditure of the revenues they had produced. And the general voice of enlightened men is that England has made out a good case. Good or bad, it is, at any rate, the case to which the whole British nation is enthusiastically committed, and for which it has thrown itself into the "hell of war."

The other day the Duke of Westminster died, the richest man in England. A great part of his fortune, we are told, "came from an ancestor in the seventeenth century having married a lady who owned a farm of some 500 acres, on which the wealthiest portion of the West End of London now stands. It is estimated that the income is at least £500,000 a year from this property now, and as it has all been built over upon the short-lease system, the revenue within the next quarter of a century may come to exceed £1,000,000."

The family of the Duke of Westminster did not make their money from farming that 500 acres of land, but from letting others build on it and develop it. When the tenants produced wealth the landlord taxed them on it, and gave them no voice in the disposition of the revenues.

Will some Englishman with a turn for logic explain briefly the difference between the position of the Duke of Westminster's tenants and that of the Uitlanders under Oom Paul Kruger, for the redress of whose grievances England is now at war?

The Evil of Trusts.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

Some weeks ago Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, in an interview at Washington defended the action of his State in fostering trusts.

He said that "the chief purpose of the concentrating of interests now going on is to bring about economy in production." And he added the familiar illustration of the monopolists, that "the low prices at which oil and sugar sell are pretty good evidence that the public does not suffer from these gigantic combinations."

But doesn't the public suffer? Here in New England the Standard Oil Company, after gaining absolute control of the oil trade, has raised the price of kerosene oil to 10½ cents per gallon, wholesale, thereby compelling the retailers to ask 14 and 15 cents per gallon, the highest price for oil in the country.

Now that the price of oil has followed the upward tendency of all articles controlled by trusts, how long will it be before sugar follows suit?

When the price of sugar does rise, will there be a single argument left why the people should ever trust?

It is up to Governor Voorhees.
Norwalk, Conn., Dec. 19.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Severe Government Rules.

Editor of the New York Journal:

An alien, five feet four inches in height, weight 125 pounds, after a five years' residence in the United States applies to a district court, renounces allegiance to his native sovereign and is admitted to citizenship. His first act upon becoming a citizen was to enter a post office examination for clerk. He received the required percentage and was appointed to a position in the United States Government service.

I am an American, five feet three and three-quarter inches in height, weight 125 pounds. I enlisted in the United States Navy in answer to a call for volunteers. I received at the close of the war (Spanish-American) an honorable discharge for my services to my country. I applied at the Post Office for an examination blank to become a clerk, but was refused, as I was one-quarter inch below the required height to handle a three-quarter ounce letter for the Government.

Yet I was high enough to handle five-inch shells weighing 115 pounds.

So we see where equality ceases to exist, and one-quarter of an inch in height of a man (the stay at home) outweighs the patriot's services to his country. In conclusion I ask the Journal to enlighten me as to the reason of discrimination in height where a man short in stature, physically well and intelligent, is barred in this capacity, viz., post office clerk.
C. P. O.
Dec. 23.

There is no provision for the exercise of judgment in such cases by the Government. A soldier, no matter how small physically, may earn all kinds of medals for heroism in the service of his country, but this counts not a jot in his application to that same Government in times of peace for an ordinary clerkship.

Governments have no heart in war, no conscience in peace. They exist by vote and regulation, and unless you have the support of some Congressman or person of influence your application will count for no more than that of a wild Cossack of the steppes who has just been admitted to citizenship.

Alphonso in Search of a Tailor.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I will give to the charity fund five dollars if you will tell me where in New York City I can find a good tailor—cut and fitter. Also an additional dollar if you will tell me what hat is standard and up-to-date; I mean derby, that takes the lead. One more dollar if you will state what shoe, i. e., the last, most predominates among business men. I am no dandy, but I would like to know how to dress and be in the swim, and to appear decently when found in any city in the United States. I am a careful reader and admirer of your paper. I never miss a word of editorial—he is all right.
ALPHONSO.

We should like to earn money for charity, but Alphonso must see on reflection that if we begin recommending individual tailors and hatmakers there would be a riot among the rest of our advertisers. The best thing for him to do will be to look in at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Stock Exchange and other high-grade places of amusement at the hour of the day for which he wishes to be appropriately dressed, and make mental notes of the styles of coats, hats and footgear there; then decide how much he can afford to lay out on his own adornment and flit from shop to shop until he finds one that comes just up to his limit of price.

A New English Recruit.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am an English boy eighteen years old, and intend to work my way to London to make application to join the South African army. Can you tell me what questions I will have to answer before they accept me?

Also, where did the word "Boer" originate?
Dec. 24.

If you are not in good health and are not an athletic young man they will probably tell you that you are not wanted without asking questions.

If you fulfil these two requirements they will begin by asking your name and if you are a British subject.

They will insist upon knowing your exact age, your trade, if any, and if you have resided in your father's house for three years.

When these questions have been answered they will become very stern and threaten you with two years' imprisonment in case you do not answer truthfully. Then they will begin to question you about apprenticeship, imprisonment, previous service in the army, marriage and religion.

If you can answer these questions in a satisfactory manner you may perhaps be given the Queen's shilling. If not, they will tell you in short order that you are not acceptable.

The word "Boer" is a modification of the Dutch word "Bauer," or "farmer."

Some Sound Currency Suggestions.

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

I would like to urge you now, and day by day, to agitate for what you have already advocated, viz., the conversion of United States bonds, at will of any holder, into currency, and the conversion of this currency back into bonds, at will of any holder, at any time.

The currency question is open. However economically sound may be the idea of bank currency, the people will not consent to monopoly currency.

The need now is of flexibility of currency, expanding and contracting at any time, as trade demands.

If banks, trust companies, corporations, individuals, could at will convert and reconvert, as above, there would be no currency glut or famine. The Government should be paid for the expense and make a profit by withholding interest, so that the bonds draw nothing while put up for currency.

There is no sense or justice in allowing banks, or any one, to draw double interest.

The above plan meets all requirements of volume, flexibility and safety.

Now is the very time to urge it vigorously and persistently.
H. M. S.
Dec. 23.

How She Was Landed.

Reas—So Jeannette married a farmer. I thought she said she would marry only a man of culture? Well—And so she did—a man of agriculture—Chicago News.

Not Particular.

Brown—I hear Jones is looking around for new quarters.

Smith—Oh, I guess he isn't particular about their newness. He borrowed an old one from me this morning—Chicago News.

SEMBRICH AND DE RESZKE
WIN APPLAUSE IN "IL BARBIERE."

TWO OF THE PRINCIPALS IN LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE OF "LE BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA."

The Famous Basso, Inspired with the True Comedian Spirit as Basilio, Surprises and Delights His Hearers, and It Is the Critical Opinion of Giacomo Minkowsky That Sembrich Is the Best Rosina on the Public Stage To-day.

By Giacomo Minkowsky.

NE who can sing "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" can sing anything," said Rossini, who wrote this opera in twelve days on a sick-bed.

Nordica, who is now almost the only Brunilde, would not be able to sing that great part if she had not studied Rossini for years. Edward De Reszke, who last night at the Metropolitan sang Basilio in Rossini's masterpiece, showed where he got his ability to manage his big voice as though it were a light baritone. It was no surprise to me to hear this great Marcella of "Les Huguenots" handle his basso profundo in such a mezzo voice style, for any artist could recognize that he, too, had been nurtured on Rossini.

Sembrich, who vies with Melba for honors as Rosina, last night played the part magnificently. In Europe nobody criticizes her any more. She is a fixed star. Last night's audience—not a large one, unfortunately—seemed to have the same disposition toward her, particularly when she sang "una voce poco fa." Every one knows this aria. "What can you sing?" the teacher asks of his pupil. "Can poco fa, of course." Most pupils "finish" with it, and then give it up in despair. That is because of the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of rapid articulation it thrusts upon the foreigner. To succeed with it is a triumph for a native Italian. So much the greater

triumph for Sembrich. It must be admitted that the quality of Melba's voice is unique, but as Rosina she cannot hold her own with Sembrich. In the lesson scene, in which every Rosina interpolates her favorite aria, Sembrich chose last night the bolero from Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." It was a fortunate choice and won her the warmest applause of the evening. Sallagnac made his debut for the season as the Count. This tenor's assurance is often overwhelming. When he first came on the stage last night no one doubted that he would win Rosina. But what about his voice? His assurance there was not so hypnotizing. As a tenor-legger, he could have won his bride and still sung more lightly. In fact he did much more than was required of him by anybody. Rosina included, as, for example, his yard-long cadenza, of which the composer was guileless. I noted that the public were not grateful for it.

It is not, of course, a crime for a tenor to make a cadenza in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," but this one antedated Rossini himself. The aria on Sallagnac's first entrance, though it was not like Angelini Masini, still showed "school" and careful study. His recitative with Figaro was weak. Much of it lay in his middle register, which Campanari, with his sonorous voice, easily overshadowed. Sallagnac's acting as a drunken soldier was good.

Apropos of Campanari, who, as the Barber, was really the star of the opera, astonished and delighted with his beautiful upper notes, reaching G and A as lightly as a lyric tenor. His Figaro is too well established to need commendation.

Burrah for Edward de Reszke! What other basso profundo in the world could amuse as he did with his rich comicality. It was a revelation. The audience found it so. Everybody knows his musical qualities; few appeared to have suspected the comedy talent he displayed last night.

Pini-Corsi would have made one of the biggest hits of his life if it had been he, but it wasn't. The printed programme to the contrary notwithstanding, it being "his first appearance," as per the programme, the audience warmed up to him immensely. He was as comic as De Wolf Hopper, and all through the audience ran whispers of "Pini-Corsi! Pini-Corsi!" This was rather hard on Dufrech, who it really was that played the part of Bartolo. Dufrech, the old reliable artist, always ready, was as good as Pini-Corsi possibly could have been.

Bauermeister—also the ever-ready and the always welcome—was Bertha. She sang her simple aria simply and beautifully.

It was a very good and spirited performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Minkowsky, who knows it by heart, conducted in a manner that showed his predilection for the old school of Italian opera.

NEW YORK A DEAD, DREARY CHRISTMAS SPOT, SAYS CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.



I PRESUME that there are other places on earth as cheerful as New York at Yuletide—the great Gobi desert, for instance, or the Athabasca barren grounds—but never having seen those places, I cannot say. At the club, however, I beheld dimly a circle of chappies all on the verge of a verbal outpour of tongue in the street. I saw no one at all. Much disordered in mind, I flew up the Avenue, but the blank windows of all the great houses set sadness clenching at my heart. Whereupon I hastened home and popped out of sight for the day like a rabbit in a warren.

About the only folk in town were the Cornelius Vanderbilts, and I suppose they stayed there because they were well engaged in their sweet domestic duty of christening the second child—named Grace, after its mother, Mrs. Bromley and the Wilsons were the only people present, all the other Vanderbilts being away and otherwise ineligible.

As I have previously announced, the John Jacob Astors are to quit these shores for the more genial airs of the Mediterranean. Their plans are completed, and bar the unforeseen, they will sail to-morrow. The journey includes something of St. Moritz, the Riviera, with possibly a venture to Algeria, Egypt and the Nile. Some time in February the Nourmahal will go into commission, when Colonel and Mrs. Astor will voyage through the Mediterranean in company with a few friends.

In contradistinction to the elaborate fetes at Georgian Court I must insinuate some account of the entertainment now employing the attention of Mrs. Gould's sister-in-law, Miss Helen Gould. As I have long indicated, Miss Gould cares no more for social extravaganzas, perhaps, than does a Fiji Islander for a plink tea. Thus while one branch of the Gould family fumed and fretted and planned and sighed for the edification and need of those that know everything and need nothing, the other quietly and unostentatiously provided happiness for a host of hapless little misers. But I suppose, after all, when we reduce human

action to the level of philosophy we can do no better than by adding happiness to the universe. During her theatricals Mrs. Gould appeared quite radiant.

The Lee-Moore wedding at All Souls on Saturday was necessarily quiet, and the astonishment expressed in certain quarters at the so-called abruptness of the ceremonial is neither in good taste nor suitable to the occasion. Miss Moore's father, John Godfrey Moore, died a little less than six months ago. Miss Moore was in deep mourning, and naturally she could not countenance a grand affair. Her stepmother, who was Miss Harishorne, was with her at the ceremonial, and it is unnecessary to add that Mrs. Moore is devoted to both Mrs. Lee and Miss Faith Moore, the younger sister. Mrs. Moore, by the way, is almost the exact age of the two daughters of the late banking, and it was through her companionship with the two girls that she married Mr. Moore, many years her senior. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee is now Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington, where, I presume, he and his bride will make their home. He is a brilliant officer of artillery, and a great favorite in all branches of the American army, his coolness, courage and amiability at Santiago making him a conspicuous figure on that variegated field.

There is a certain chaos in society this season, due more or less to the piques and petty cabals that add spice to the variety of life. Now, for instance, we have one set disbanding and another forming, a readjustment of the firmament, an occasional eclipse and nebulae of withdrawing importants. Occasionally a bright meteor flashes across our dazed sight, burns a moment and then fades into a drowning darkness. This, of course, doesn't apply to the Townsend Burdens or to Mrs. Ollie Harriman. The Burdens are out for the season, and Mrs. Harriman is merely enjoying herself in new spheres. Then the Harry McVickers have been graduated from the Oelrichs set through the tutelage and grace of Willie K.

Vanderbilt, while, on the other hand, the Jimmy Breece contingent has faded into innocuous demure for the season. Also the Howard Constables, of whom we heard a great deal some months ago, have apparently withdrawn, and we shall have no word from them at all.

I suppose the renewed successes of the McVickers are due to their intelligence, tact and amusing qualities, something with which Willie K. will forever hedge himself about as dith a king. So on with the dances—it's a great year! Push open the gates, strike the note of praise, attune the shawms to the frenzied royal ear, and—good well, good afternoon!

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Notes of Society.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes's "bal poudre" this evening at her residence, No. 229 Madison avenue, promises to be extremely picturesque. The girls will all be dressed alike, in gowns of white or gaudy trimmed with holly.

The second of the De Coverley dances will be held at Sherry's this evening.

The second of the series of dances arranged by H. D. Mills will take place this evening at Delmonico's.

The death of Elliott Schenck's explanatory recitals at the piano on Wagner's music dramas will be held this morning in the Berkeley Lyceum. Mr. Schenck's subject will be "Tristan and Isolde." The recitals are under the patronage of Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Charles D. Stickney, Mrs. B. Aymar Sands, Mrs. James L. Barclay, Mrs. Fredrick H. Benedict, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden and others.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont will sail for Europe on the Campania on Saturday.

Mrs. Nicholas Fish is having erected at the north entrance of the Tuxedo Park a large brick building, which will be dedicated to the memory of her son, Hamilton Fish, Jr. On the corner stone is the inscription: "In the loving memory of Hamilton Fish, Jr., Sergeant U. S. Vol. Cavalry, killed in battle June 23, 1896." The building will be used as a library and public bath. Hamilton Fish, Jr., was with Colonel Roosevelt's Rough R.